

## Spotting Sexual Indifference on the London Underground

The melodic hum of my upstairs neighbor vacuuming jarred me awake from slumber. I was pissed at first, but I suppose I really should be up and around by 1:30 in the afternoon. I didn't have class that day, so I thought I might go for a walk to see the little children in the park. I found the snippets of pure joy to be the only tolerable human experience. I looked outside and it was raining droplets of molten silver and the tears of Olympus caked the sidewalk.

At my desk sat my vintage Blue Bomber typewriter, a leaflet of card-stock jutting from her mouth. Sylvia. I carefully lifted her and placed her in the custom, rubber sealed, carbon-fiber case I had made when I got her. Together, we went out into the wet world.

I never needed a car to get around, and petrol was too expensive. I made my way to the underground while droplets danced on the thin lining of the skeletal arms that made up my umbrella. I reached the stairs that led into the upper-crust, of earth not class, and let my even steps provide the rhythm of my next symphony.

I went to buy a ticket and the woman at the counter stared at me, but it was like she only saw half my face. She wasn't afraid, or even startled, she just stood there and focused on the left side of the meat peeled over my bone-skull.

"...Ma'am? One on the tube to Waterloo, please."

She seemed to snap out of it and moved her gaze to my left eye while she accepted my payment and ushered me forward.

I found a comfortable spot and sat Sylvia on my lap. I started typing while my eyes glazed over and rolled towards the bottom crevice of my cranium.

Up ahead

Two ladies on the train riding forward. I knew the London Eye was  
above me because

It was staring at me, little people lining the iris,  
enjoying the ferry to Heaven.

The deep eye

Burns me with its white steel and I only ask it why it doesn't  
love me,

I don't know what I did wrong, but it might be that I  
once told it to *fuck off*.

It tells me

That I've been unfaithful, and blasphemers ought to suffer for  
insolence,

My grocer's bag rattled in my hand, bananas humming,  
tuna bouncing,

And I worry

That the eye is upset because the bible that I bought was

An abridged version with pretty pictures that I always  
liked,

I suppose that

It's my fault for loving pretty things, except her,

She was pretty and I loved her like the thick purple juice  
that

Sloshed within

Its plastic dungeon, curbing its undoubtedly evil intentions in  
regards

To the innocent crystal flutes that she bought us for  
champagne.

The train burst through the tunnels cracking the sound barrier with a golden  
sledgehammer, and the shavings of sparkly metal danced in front of my eyes as they  
plastered the insides of my eyelids painting a tiny IMAX viewing just for me. The spinning  
of the universe slowed down as my train reached the stop. Sylvia leapt back into her case and  
we stood in front of the doors, waiting for God to allow the conductor to release us onto  
the world.

My Oxfords clicked the ground at a steady pace as I scanned over my most recent  
sexual release disguised as 0.254 mm card stock. The sun was shrouded in purple clouds.

The iris shrouded

the eye in milky film that crept along the edge of the earth, the  
flat earth,

The earth when

we thought it wasn't round like the little pebbles that lined the  
dinner table.

Oddly enough

Gaia doesn't like it when we tell her she's flat, and she teamed  
up with the eye,

They stare at me

with white pupils that drop heated irons into the pit between my  
soul and my lower intestines,

The blisters grow,

They fill with the water of the sea and gush forward, and the  
healing fluids smile at me.

Sylvia clicked twice at me and was silent. One of her keys was stuck in the lower part of her body. *No, dearest. Does it hurt? Not to worry. We got on the next train.*

I asked that

Sylvia would be mine and I gave her 80 quid

That was meant to seal the affection between

My coffee table

And its paper coasters. The fluids seeped into the paper

Spheres and soaked into the 4<sup>th</sup> dimension to say hello

To A. Square

The man who never could see the importance

Of a well-rounded perspective

And the Comic

Broke Tragic's back with an iron beam that jutted

From the pit where Michael struck down Lucifer.

And she took my bills

And inscribed them with the striking force of thunder upon

The ocean.

And it shook

The lucid glasses on my shelf and rippled

The water that held my feet with clammy hands.

I remember when I moved out, and mother let the heaving ride through her. She looked like the ocean and she was fluid, non-constant, irrevocably and undeniably in unison with the movements of the universe. The darkness of the ocean bled onto my arms. I always was afraid of giant squids.

The scattered sparks riddled the bow of the train

And I thought Captain Nemo was back for me,

Maybe he was worried that he couldn't let someone

Walk so easily on the earth when he's walked so painfully

On the ocean floor.

Sylvia, do you remember when we met? I asked if you'd like to come live with me and you said you thought that would be okay because your last house wasn't that nice, and the mommy and daddy used to fight, and they used to argue about human nature like they understood anything about the human experience. You said yes. Yes, take me away from the earth where the children hold rifles and the elderly play with chalk on the sidewalk.

I remember when we met. You said I was too expensive.

Sylvia and I sat on the train and watched a young boy, probably in his teens, sit to the front and left from our row. He looked normal. Painfully normal. His clothes were well cut and modern, but not too expensive. He wore a pair of Fila sneakers. He smiled because he didn't have anything to frown at. I stared at one side of his face and pondered the duality of man while he sent dirty messages to the girl he met on the internet in protected mode so his middle-class parents wouldn't see his browser history. I slid a new sheet of paper into Sylvia's gaping maw.

When I was young,

Mother never knew how much I loved to write, I loved the clicks, I loved the

smells of handmade paper mixing with deep ink in an orgy between words,

I think that

We would have gotten along. Well, if we hadn't been the same person we probably

could have had a good time.

Except that her blonde hair reminded me too much of an Aryan race,

And I couldn't appreciate that sort of history,

Father used to love me.

Back when there was meaning

I thought it was reachable with

Seven heavenly fingers.

Sylvia and I walked up the stairs from the train, and into the afternoon sun that  
peered through the darkness of black toffee clouds. *I remember that father never typed on a  
computer.*